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Dialect and Other Poems....



By
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M. D.



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DIALECT AND OTHER POEMS



BY
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The Black Cat

One big black cat come on my house;
I try for make him run;
He jump, he tare, he make me scare,
She fight like son of a gun.

Next day she come some odder cat,
All night she come some more;
So many cat, so much like dat,
Like I nevaire see before.

We call police, we call hose cart,
She was no good at all;
Dem cat she bite, she fight all night,
She make some awful squall.

My wife she make some nice fried cake,
She keep for New Year call;
Dem cat she hump, she make high jump,
By gosh! she steal 'em all!

We shoot some gun, we make hurrah,
I try for make him scare;
An' every night, dem cat's all right,
Some hair fly everywhere.

So many cat stay on my house,
I wish he'll stop bime by;
My wife get mad, she feel so bad
I'm 'fraid she'll go for die.

Dem cat she steal all my peasoup,
I like for bust his eye;
He drink wholesale, 'bout two tree pail,
She mus' be awful dry.

My wife not stay on Michigan,
She don't like anymore;
He go nex' fall, on Montrehall,
Where she live long time before.

Ichabod Crane

(Adapted from W. Irving)

He borrowed a horse, this Ichabod Crane,
With a rusty and tangled-up tail and mane;
He was shaggy and gaunt and so rawboned, too,
With a head like a hammer and neck like a ewe.

All knotted with burrs were his mane and his tail,
With one eye so glaring, so blind and so pale;
Tho' this blinker was gone and so spectral did seem,
The other was fierce with the devil's own gleam.

He had fire and mettle no doubt in his day,
For the name that he bore was Gunpowder, they say;
And this was Van Ripper's most favorite steed,
A horseman who rode with most furious speed.

His horse with his spirit no doubt he infused,
For tho' old, broken down and so much abused,
So fierce and so develish as Gunpowder brown
There was never a filly in country or town.

This Ichabod Crane whom we've already seen,
Sat up on his horse with an air quite serene;
With the stirrups his knees to the pommel came up,
And his elbows like grasshoppers' outwardly stuck.

Like a scepter his whip in his right hand was borne,
As his steed jogged along with an air quite forlorn;
His head was bedecked with a small woolen cap,
And his arms were like wings in continual flap.

The skirts of his coat, which were tattered and frail,
Were blown out in line with the old horse's tail;
The sight was remarkably queer, so they say,
Such as seldom we see in the broad light of day.

The Robin's Return

Gentle songster, we have waited long,
Sadly we have missed thy tuneful song;
Once more with thy bright and cheery way,
Welcome, pretty robin, with thy roundelay.

With rays divine and subtle power,
To cheer the heart each passing hour;
The blossoms sweet and roses fair,
With fragrance soon shall fill the air.

Sing on sweet bird, thy mate is near,
Safe from the chilly blasts of winter drear;
Beauteous warbler, harbinger of spring,
Daily thy lovesong ever sweetly sing.

Warbling thy song each morn so bright,
Greeting Aurora with her glorious light;
Happy and cheerful with thy simple lay,
Singing thy vesper hymn each parting day.

The Carping Critic

When carping critics criticise,
It's hard to keep from swearing;
'Tis also hard to shut our eyes,
When blunders are so glaring!

To tell the truth may be unwise,
'Tis sometimes hard to bear it;
But if the shoe is not your size,
Of course, you needn't wear it.

Tho' every man may have his say,
You oftentimes may find;
The carping critic lights the way,
Where others would be blind.

Let carping critics criticise,
When done with circumspection,
If they but help to make us wise,
Why then there's no objection.

Mushrat On Sheboyganin'

I hunt mushrat when snow begin,
She like for make big haul;
I go close by Sheboyganin',
Where he make some house las' fall.

I walk all night, I walk all day,
She look 'round everywhere;
I nevaire find where mushrat stay,
Maybe she all get scare.

Every day was too much blow,
All night was blow some more;
An' everywhere she pile some snow,
Like I nevaire see before.

One day I stand close by bridge draw,
Some snow, some ice was float;
So much big flood from Saginaw,
She lose 'bout hundred boat.

One big ice cake from Saginaw flat,
Someting I like for see;
'Bout fifteen twenty big mushrat,
She float down close by me.

I wish I have something for spear,
Some big long rubber boot;
Dem nice mushrat she come so near,
I got no gun for shoot;

Dem ice cake bust, she make me swear,
I feel so awful mad;
Some fat mushrat jump everywhere,
Oh! by gee! dat was too bad.

Hard Eggs

I buy some egg on hardware store,
Maybe she was some bone;
Two day, two night, she cook all right,
She was so hard like stone.

I put him on some hen for set,
Maybe she hatch bime by;
I leave him stay 'bout sixty day,
Dem hen she almos' die.

I tink dem egg she was too hard,
Maybe she was too old;
Dem hen she sneeze, she almos' freeze,
She catch too much bad cold.

I take some ax for break dem egg,
She knock him on stone wall;
For 'bout half day I work dat way;
She nevaire break at all.

Dem egg she was so awful hard,
I don't like any more
She make me mad, I feel so bad,
Like I nevaire was before.

Next time I like for buy some egg,
I go on dressmake store;
She look so nice, she ask big price,
I like for buy some more.

Maybe sick hen she lay bad egg,
I like for make him choke;
Dem hen she make some bad mistake,
I wish his neck was broke.

Dem lady give me plenty egg,
'Bout bushel egg was broke;
I jump, I run like son of a gun,
She play so much bad joke.

A Winter's Song

Little wood elf with thy bright cheery way,
Singing thy song on a cold winter's day;
Oft in the wilds have I listened to thee,
Bright little bird with thy chickadedee.

Little black cap and coat of pale blue,
Sing to thy mate ever tender and true;
Fond little elfin so faithful to thee,
Bright little bird with thy chickadedee.

Sing to the zephyrs and leaflets at play,
To the little wild rabbit with soft coat of gray;
The fays and the brownies are listening to thee,
Bright little bird with thy chickadedee.

Visions of friends and sweet faces appear,
Scenes of my childhood to memory most dear;
Days of the past that were joyous to me,
Bright little bird with thy chickadedee.

No Use To Worry

Dat 'Gustus was a playin' roun' so lubly and so well,
An' whar he has done disappeared, is mo' den I kin tell;
But dey ain't no use a worryin', dar's dem 'gators on de bay,
An' ef 'Gustus gone a fishin', dey's done took dat chile away.

Dem 'gators dey's so hungry an' dey allus looks so mean,
Dar was Jupiter an' Moses, dey done eat 'em slick and clean;
An' dar was little Washington a sleepin' on de groun',
De 'gator he done kotch him as soon as he come roun'.

Augustus won't stay berry long, ef he's down de road a walkin'
But ef he goes along de bay, why dey ain't no use a talkin';
Bof me an' Lindy's wo'ked so hard to keep dem chillun right,
But 'pears to me dem 'gators is mighty hard to fight.

Dey chase dem chillun ebery day, you ought see em run,
An' dey allus keeps a watchin' when dey's sleepin' in de sun;
O, de 'gators stole dem chillun, dey done eat em' in a hurry,
But bless de Lawd dey's 'leven mo' an' dey ain't no use to worry

My Michigan

O, Michigan, we wish agin
To hear the nightingale
Terish, terash, kewhish kewhash,
Kerore, omore, owale.

O, Michigan, we wish agin,
For the buzz saw's buzzy buzz;
But the saw and the pine are over the line,
In the land of the fuzzy fuzz.

O, Michigan, we wish agin
For the good old times once more
For the music halls, with beer in the stalls,
And the sawdust on the floor.

O, Michigan, we wish agin
For the time of the woodsman bold,
With spikes in his shoes and the good old booze,
With hotstuff to keep out the cold.

O, Michigan, why wish agin,
For they've gone where the wild wind roars;
With the pine and the oak, where the bullfrogs croak,
In the land of the Doukobhors.

Kraut and Speck

Mit Kraut und speck we're right on deck,
Mit der boys und girls und all;
We sing so fein, mit bier und wein,
Out in Arbeiter hall.

The Bear's Picnic

Ole Mr. Bear take off his coat,
Mighty glad he kotch dem shoat;
One shoat's big an' de odder one's little;
Ole Mis' Bear git out yo' kittle.

Young Mr. Bear, jes play dat tune,
Hop light Lou' an' ole Zip Coon;
All dem little bears a dancin',
Ole Mis' Bear she keep on prancin'.

Swing yo' pardners, raise yo' han',
Keep yo' eye on de Voodoo man;
Balance all an' take yo' fling,
Right shassay an' pigeon wing.

Ole Mr. Fox he look so sly,
Brudder Rabbit wink his eye;
We done fool ole farmer Jones,
Steal dem shoat an' pick dem bones.

De chipmunk whistle an' de bluejay sing,
Jes bring yo' fiddle an' come agin;
Ole Mr. Bear done make his call,
Bes' respec's an' good night all.

Rindfleisch

When beef goes so high and it's up in the sky,
Und da ist garnichts Zu thun
Kartoffel salad is not very bad,
When der cow jumps over der moon.

Wir essen und beiszen die feinste speisen,
Als immer wir haben der preis;
Wir alle gesund mit den Arbeiter bund,
Und wir leben to gut und so nice.

Mit limburger cheese, it's go as you please,
Pumpernickel is not very dear;
Wir haben so viel and we're not going to squeal,
Mit das kraut und das gut lagerbier.

Thanksgiving

De wintaire she come very slow,
Some rain mos' every day;
De mushrat she no make his house;
An' bullfrog don't go 'way.

Some bluejay stay on Tobico,
An' duck fly close by me;
By gosh! she look so big an' fat,
She'll make good fricassee.

I try for get some black squirrel,
For make some good pot pie;
Maybe she have some good peasoup,
An' good whitefish for fry.

Good time she come for celebrate,
Thanksgive an' holiday
I tink I buy some good lickaire,
An' drink some anyway.

We take some girl an' make big dance,
Some jig an' some French four;
We eat fried cake an' have good time,
Way down by Joe Bedore.

The Deserted Family

(Juvenile Declamation, by Dolly Dimple)

Our neighbors next door when they moved away,
To where I never shall know,
Why they left their poor old pussy cat,
To starve, right out in the snow.

With her six little hungry kittens,
That cried from night until morn,
Was this poor old brindle pussy cat,
Deserted, abused and forlorn.

This poor old muzzer pussy cat,
She seemed to be always so sad;
And to hear her poor little kittens cry,
Oh! it made us feel awfully bad.

She tried to catch the young sparrows,
And was busy as a pussy could be;
She caught one poor little dickey bird
That happened to fall from a tree.

And every day she watched them again,
'Till I surely thought she would die;
But the other plump little sparrows
Were always too cunning and sly.

For this poor, old, starving pussy cat,
I didn't know what I should do;
But I thought I would buy me a mouse trap,
And catch her a mousey or two.

And every night I would set this trap,
For this poor, old, brown pussy cat;
And every day she had a fresh mouse,
So sleek and so chubby and fat.

Now, this poor, old pussy was happy,
And the kittens were all full of play;
They grew so big and they grew so fast,
And one morning they all ran away.

Now, this ends the story of the six little kittens,
And the poor, old brown pussy cat;
The sparrows, the little red mouse trap,
And the mice all so chubby and fat.



Easter Echo

My Julie buy new Eastaire hat,
I'll tink she was no joke;
He take so much cash money,
She almost make me broke.

She buy some shoe, some parasol,
By gosh! she make big style;
She take long walk on street car track,
Maybe 'bout two tree mile.

My Julie like for promenade,
Sometime she got no show;
Maybe she come some awful rain,
Next day she too much blow.

She buy five six yard calico,
On dry good grocery store;
She make so many bill on me
Like I nevaire see before.

My Julie make me big expense,
I'll nevaire care for dat;
She look so nice like rosebush,
When she have new Eastaire hat.

Uncle Joe's Reception

Ole Joe live down on Saginaw bay,
Maybe 'bout five six mile;
He catch fat mushrat every day,
She cook on first class style.

He make peasoup, he make pot pie,
Sometime he make fried cake;
He catch some good whitefish for fry,
Someting I like for take.

He take some onion, some pork slice,
She buy on grocery store;
He make some fricassee so nice,
I wish he'll cook some more.

Ole Joe Tebo eat big beef steak,
She got some awful gall;
He laugh, he shake, he make bad break,
She don't look well at all.

He eat so much some stew mushrat,
She look like big beef trust;
He swell so big, he look so fat,
I tink she'll go for bust.

My uncle give us all invite,
For make some New Year call;
He celebrate all day, all night,
She nevaire stop at all.

We drink some gin, she was tip top,
Some lady drink some wine;
I feel so gay like one grasshop,
We have so much good time.

Wreck of the Julie LaPlante

D. Drummond

On one dark night on lak' St. Clair,
De Win' she blow, blow, blow;
An' the crew of de wood scow Julie LaPlante,
Get scare an' run below.

For de win' she blow like hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more;
An' de scow bust up on lak' St. Clair,
'Bout half mile from de shore.

De capetaine walk de front deck,
He walk de hine deck, too;
He call de crew come up de 'hole;
He call de cook also.

De cook his name was Rosie,
She come from Montrehall;
She was chamber maid on lumber barge,
On the big Lachine canal.

De Win' she blow on de north east west,
De south win' she blow, too;
Poor Rosie cry, "Oh! cher capetaine,
What she'll go for do?"

De capetaine trow de big ankerre,
But still de scow she dreef;
De crew she can't pass on de shore
Because he lose his skeef.

De night was dark like one black cat,
De wave run high an' fast;
De capetaine take poor Rosie,
An' tie him on de mast.

He also take de life preserve,
An' jump on top de lake;
He say, "Good-bye, dear Rosie,
I'll go down for your sake."



Nex' morning very hearly,
'Bout half pas' two tree four;
De capetaïne, crew an' wood scow, too,
Was die on top de shore.

For de win' she blow like hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more;
An' de scow bust up on lak' St. Clair,
'Bout half mile from de shore.

Now all good wood scow sailor man,
Take warning by dat storm;
An' marry one nice French girl,
An' leeve on one big farm.

An' de win' she blow like hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' you don't get wreck on lak' St. Clair,
So long you stay on shore.



Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle komm hierin,
Boonekamp mit brandy;
Lager bier und sauer wein,
Yankee Doodle dandy.

Yankee Doodle kommst du hier,
Trinkst du mit dein Onkel;
Hier wir haben alle bier,
Die beiden weisz und dunkel.

Yankee Doodle Kammt sein haar,
Ohne kamm und spiegel;
Yoost like wenn ich soldat war,
When I fight mit Siegel.

Yankee Doodle bow, wow, wow,
Always was so handy;
Drink zu mir und meine frau,
Yankee Doodle dandy.

Uncle Basil

(Pronounce Bawzeal)

You nevaiire see dat poney
What my Uncle Basil drive?
She make mile on two-forty,
Sometime two forty-five.

When uncle drive dat poney,
Dat's always make him laugh;
He's got big mane 'bout four feet long,
She call him Telegraph.

She rack so nice on jumper sleigh,
I'll tink she can't be beat;
An' when he make some big homestretch
She jump 'bout twenty feet.

She win big race on River Rouge,
He go like 'mobile car;
She make my uncle big sweepstake,
Maybe 'bout two dollare.

My uncle meet some race-track sport,
She come from everywhere;
An' when he see dat poney go,
Dem sport she all get scare.

Joey and the Two Ravens

(Juvenile Recitation)

A foolish little puppy dog
 had found a tasty bone,
And 'twas funny to see his motions
 as he worried quite alone;
Two ravens on a neighboring tree
 looked down with much desire,
They stretched their necks and looked so fierce,
 their eyes seemed full of fire,
They sputtered, fluttered, stared and glared,
 quite filled with apprehension,
But Joey found his bone so sweet,
 that he paid them no attention.

Said Mr. Raven to his mate,
the time seems most propitious,
To steal away this doggie's bone,
I'm sure 'tis quite delicious;
Go you behind and steal the bone,
whilst I remain before,
I'll divert this dog by jumping
and by croaking evermore;
Joe was worried by this croaking
and these strange fantastic motions,
And closer came the ravens
with their vile satanic notions.

I now had thoughts of wizards
and the weird tales told by Poe,
Such schemers deep, these ravens
were deceiving little Joe;
Joe growled and barked with much alarm,
these antics seemed so queer,
And quick as flash his dainty bone
was snapped up from the rear;
O, such is life with young or old,
the tale's scarce worth repeating,
For so it is twixt cup and lip,
our joys are ever fleeting.

The bird in seizing doggies bone
gave forth a cry most hoarse,
Like human taunting laughter,
so jeering and so coarse,
It took poor Joey an instant
to realize his plight,
With a dismal air of dark despair,
as the robbers took their flight;
This scurvy trick, these ravens played,
'twas mean, 'twas very bad,
Poor Joey looked so pitiful,
Oh! 'twas certainly most sad.

Erin Smiling In Her Tears

Dear Ireland, our native land,
So sad these many years;
With liberty so near at hand,
She's smiling in her tears.

Raven tresses, eyes so blue,
Maidens fairest of the fair,
Irish lads so brave and true,
Willing hands to do or dare.

Let stranger come from foreign lands,
Tho' it be far or near;
With Irish hearts and Irish hands,
You'll ever find good cheer.

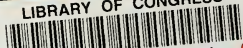
In peace or war, in statesmen's halls,
On fields where cannon roar;
Ever bold where duty calls.
Brave Erin's at the fore.

Proud Albion, with might and main,
Has conquered land and sea,
With bravest sons of Erin slain,
That Britons might be free.

United Ireland, rejoice,
Long may our union stand,
Let's sing in one united voice,
God bless our native land.

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